

Incarnation

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Summary: Every world, despite their advancements in science, still has their own sets of deities. Some deities never bother with the mortal world but some a portion of their lives among their people. This is the story of one of the sons of Rao. This is his incarnation.

Incarnation

Yes, I know I have another story under the Naruto x Young Justice fanfiction. I do apologize for that but this really has been bugging me since I started this project together with my Young Justice. I'm a huge fan of DC's works, and I think that their characters are some of the best. That's not to say Marvel hasn't made some really good characters as well. I do like Marvel's anti-hero attitude like Wolverine or the Punisher but I prefer DC's heroes more.

Also everything that happens will be AU-ish. Events that take place will be similar to many episodes from Justice League as well as Young Justice. Teen Titans will be sorta making a cameo. Sort of. They might appear in some chapters but I'll usually stick to Young Justice.

The story will start off from events of Man Of Steel. However that's all I'm saying. The rest of the movie will not be featured because of the many changes as well as characters.

The characters will also be familiar. Yes some characters will be from other anime, just westernized. I think. Sort of. I hope?

Also, there might be some other items you will be familiar with. If there is, then I do not own them.

**I do not own Anything during the course of this fiction. In fact, the only thing I actually do own is the plot. And a handful of OCs. Legit. I would like to write this right now so I don't have to write

it in the other chapters. Yes this is the disclaimer.**

* * *

><p>For as long as I could remember, I've had these dreams.<p>

They were more like visions but most importantly, they were not my visions. They seemed vivid and so real but I knew they were not mine.

I dreamt of Rao, our Gods on Krypton but I have never seen him before in my life.

His skin was metallic but it glowed red just like the sun; we likened the sun to his image. His power glowed from him, burning and hot. I could feel it despite him being just my vision.

I dreamt of Vohc, the God of creation. His evil legacy was endured in our manuscripts but my vision was different. His four arms were constantly in motion, building, creating, inventing. He was not as malevolent as was written in our texts.

I dreamt of Flamebird, the Goddess of Destruction. She was in the likeness of a fiery creature. Her arms were wings of fire and her body itself was of fire. She flew, destroying everything in her path just as her duty was.

I do not know why but my visions of her always elicit a response in my heart, a quickening.

I kept these to myself, I knew I would be laughed upon for my beliefs had anyone knew but in my heart, I knew that this Science that we have discovered was only because the Gods have showed us the path.

My parents knew this and supported me for it. They encouraged me as well but knew that I had to hide my gifts.

Jor-El, a leading scientist was not against religion nor was he for religion, testified against our overuse of our planet's resource.

I agreed wholeheartedly.

I could feel Krypton crying, dying from the inside. I silently wept for her as well. It was not long before Krypton would fall. I could sense Rao's displeasure with the people of Krypton.

When Krypton fell, I watched as the civilization that tried to deny the destruction turn to nothing but ash and dust. Most of the Kryptonians had died but I could feel the beating hearts of a million more cry out.

Argo was another Kryptonian settlement. They despaired as Krypton exploded. Families that they knew they would never see again until they themselves died.

As for me, I cried out for my parents and despite my best efforts, my power succeeded in protecting only myself. The shadows feebly clung to them but my control could only go so far. In the end, I watched them burn as my shadows covered me.

For two years, my shadows transported me across the cosmos. My body didn't age and as I trailed behind the scion of El, we passed by the young sun. I was unconscious but my body adapted, and absorbed the energy radiating from the sun.

It was a few weeks after Kal El, now Clark Kent's tenth birthday that I awoke on Earth.

This is my story.

I am Nar Uz-Nam, last son of the Uz-Nam and a survivor of Krypton.

Whereas Kal El is a descendant of Rao, I am an incarnation of his son, Nightwing.

* * *

><p>Zod watched the rocks float by. He stared at the empty blackness of space, at the the coordinates of where Krypton should be.<p>

What he found was the dark abyss instead of the planet of his birth.

The other Kryptonians murmured to themselves as they beheld what was formerly Krypton. Some fell to despair and cried. Others only glared in anger.

Zod gritted his teeth as he cursed the council's foolishness as well as the stinging betrayal of Jor-El. The codex was supposed to be the beacon to their future, their revival. Now it was with some infant in a planet who knew where.

He snarled before storming off to his chamber. He would find the codex. Jor-El's son would be a boon considering who his father was but if he resisted, he will suffer the consequences. Resistance was futile and all would bow before Krypton.

"Set a course for the nearest outpost," Zod said as he left the bridge.

One of his soldiers nodded before moving off to the coordinate room.

Much work needed to be done, and old structural relics still needed to be found. Hopefully a World Engine would be found at their first pit stop.

* * *

><p>Wen-Di wondered when had she fallen so far.<p>

She was a militarized person and was dedicated to protecting the People of Krypton, both external and internal.

When Zod's talk of rebellion reached her ears, she had hoped that it was only talk.

However, over the time spent in her career, the sweet words from

Zod's lips filled her with ideas and the thought of rebellion sounded more appealing as the days went by.

Her family was once a noble line of military men and women, however an accident had left her as the sole Heiress of the lineage of Di.

She was not blind to the politics of the council. Their bureaucrats and laws overshadowed what truly was important. The impending doom of Krypton.

There was one man however that she could respect among the political figures.

Jor-El was a figure amongst the local people, a scientist soldier who graduated from the same military academy that all military personal came from.

It was his research and tireless urge to make the council see reason that made her respect him as a political figure. She knew Zod respected him as well.

The initial plan was for their small rebellion to take over the council for a short while, the purpose was to fix the problems.

Her idea had ended the moment Zod fired upon a council member. She had remembered what her duty was at that point.

She had frozen, horrified at this breach of station.

When they tried to apprehend Jor-El with the codex, she hoped that whatever plans the man had succeeded. And she was secretly joyful to see her hopes soar together with the ship.

She knew that there was no where else to go the moment this rebellion started. She willingly surrendered before they were sent to the Phantom Zone.

Her wish at that point was that she had hoped to see the last rays of Rao as Krypton fell.

She had cried when she saw what befell Krypton. She could hear the phantom cries of her people as they burnt and rotted.

"Set a course for the nearest outpost," she heard Zod say.

A man next to her nodded before walking to the coordinates room.

She knew what he was thinking and she abhorred him for it.

* * *

><p>Nar Uz-Nam was a tall man with lean muscles, blonde shaggy hair and navy blue eyes. Sometimes his eyes would appear to be blue-purple or dark blue but it was an odd shade of blue for a person on Earth. His blonde shaggy hair had a short low ponytail at the back while a set of sideburns were braided in short sequences.<p>

His facial features made people think he was of asian descent but his skin coloration was dark, almost tanned that made him seem from

California. He also had a set of birthmarks on each cheek, marks that seemed more like whiskers than anything.

Being a Kryptonian in a lower end tech spec planet offered many advantages, one of which was hacking. While many people thought hacking was complicated, it was almost too easy for him to hack and forge his own identity. The problem was people were not as easy to change as computers. The only risk to this was that people had never actually seen him before.

He had already made up his own back story. He was born in Hawaii and that explained his asian looks as well as his tanned skin. He took kindergarten as well as elementary before being homeschooled. However, during the typhoon of 1975, his parents and family were killed and he was assumed dead as well.

His exotic looks made him instantly popular with the ladies, a charm he picked up a year after he awoke. While he had not bedded any women from Earth, his flirty yet polite attitude as well as his looks garnered attention from women in bars and beaches.

Many women had attempted to chat him up and yet in the end they would always back off. After all, his devotion to his mysterious lover was more than awe-inspiring and their choice to admire him from afar was a reward they considered good enough. That didn't mean that he didn't have and girl friends, no far from it. His best friend was a bar maid named Mira whose hair was white as snow and apparently natural as well.

She was a kind creature, she wasn't as flirty as the other women in bars and had a beauty which seemed unnatural on her. It was difficult to stay upset with her since her kindness was second to none and many women who have come to know her could say that they were quite jealous of her voluptuous figure with a smile on their face. They held her at high esteem and regarded her as a sort of elder sister figure.

She was also the one who took him in without batting an eyelash at his lineage.

He told her his secrets and she accepted him while keeping it as well.

"How was your day Naruto?" she asked. Naruto Uzumaki-Namikaze was his human name.

He shrugged in reply. "It was so-so, I guess." What could he say, nothing terrible had happened lately and he was itching for some action.

"Could you be a dear and serve those rowdy men?" she asked as she prepared their drinks.

"Sure," he said as he glanced at the men. Rowdy was a poor description of them. They were more akin to wild men as they hooted at the many female waitress' that walked by.

He didn't like their looks. He watched as one specific burly looking ruffian tried to grab a waitress. Nope, he really didn't like them.

As a male waiter, he took it upon himself to serve the more troublesome customers.

There were four men in total, two big males, one thin and lanky and the last was a pretty short man with a tall attitude. Jus one less person from the usual crowds.

He walked over to the four before placing their beer. It took a while for them to notice that he wasn't of the fairer sex.

"Wha's a purty boi like ya doin' in place like this?" The short one stopped him. Naruto silently gagged. They were drunk and stinky.

"I work here, sir."

"I knows dat, but I want me servers to be of the female variety," the short man continued as the other three guffawed. Naruto knew people were starting to look at their table. He built a reputation for himself and many people who frequented knew that He really wasn't a man to be trifled with. "In fact, why don ya bring this back to the the bar maid and let her serve us." They apparently were new to this part of town.

The blond slightly glared at him as the bar quieted. "I'm sorry?"

He snorted at the blond, not caring at the many eyes on them. "Ya deaf, purty boy? Let the white haired lassy wid the booty serve us boys o'er here." He was starting to get angry.

Naruto's enhanced hearing could hear the many sighs and slight giggles of his colleagues. Mostly everyone could expect something to happen at this point.

His answer was short and concise. "No." It was pretty much straight to the point.

Shorty exploded into action despite him being short. The two big men slowly lumbered up while the thin, lanky man reached into his pocket.

Shorty tried to push Naruto back. When he was the one who fell flat on his ass, big man number 1 swung at the blond.

Naruto caught his fist before pushing him down. He was drunk, disoriented and too heavy to catch himself.

Shorty was already up at this point. His jab connected with his broad chest but Naruto didn't feel a thing. Instead, Shorty howled in pain as he clutched his hand. The Kryptonian snickered as he wondered what he was thinking.

Big man number 2 didn't try to punch the blond. Instead he tried to bowl Naruto over. He must've been quite an American Football player but he still didn't quite make him budge. Instead Naruto pretended to let him push him, that way he'd seem slightly a bit more normal.

Naruto felt around his neck and cursed his fats as he tried to find his nerve. Oh, looks like he found it.

The big man slumped over as Naruto gently set him down.

The whistling of steel whispered over his shoulder as he sidestepped a short blade.

So the Lanky had a blade did he? Naruto was fond of blades but he blinked at the pocket knife. It was in terrible condition and he supposed the man never took actual care of the knife.

He sidestepped another lunge before weakly chopping at the neck of Lanky. The thin man fell in heap just right in top of Big 2.

Shorty was still rolling on the floor, holding his hand in pain. Naruto could say that it was his fault for starting the fight.

He looked around him as he took in the sprawled men. The table was upturned but still in prime condition. So were the chairs, that was good.

He could already hear the siren from the police cars coming by.

The many people who were watching returned to their drink while the blond fixed up the table. Affixing the men to the tables, he rejoined Mira at the bar.

Mira only smiled at him before returning to the customers.

Well, Naruto could only smile as well. He finally had some action and he wouldn't have to pay for repairs. It was a good week.

* * *

><p>Zod smiled grimly as he watched his soldiers start up the World Engine.<p>

The World Engine was a tad smaller than his star vessel, with three limbs attached to it's abdominal area.

The lights flickered momentarily before shining, albeit dimly. It was operational but it would run out of power soon.

The smile on his face slowly vanished as the lights continued to dim. He was too close to give up now. This was the thirteenth outpost and the first with a functional World Engine.

"Sir, the World Engine is functional. It has no damage and still has an estimated week of power," one of his soldiers reported.

Zod nodded before replying. "Connect it to our ship. We'll continue on to the next outpost. There should be some Power Cells on Daxam."

The soldier saluted before relaying his orders.

He continued to the main settlements. Short, dome shaped buildings littered the wide plains. Many of his soldiers were rifling through the houses, looking for weapons, armor and anything else they thought would be valuable.

Grimacing as he passed by another skeletal corpse, Zod wondered with fascination as a pod with two thick antennae like extensions shot up from the back.

Then he grinned maliciously.

The Tank would be a welcome addition to their arsenal.

* * *

><p>Again, I **reiterate, I only own the plot and a handful of OCs.**

Anyways, read and review.

End
file.